

## SONG OF UNKNOWN HEROES.

Let me sing a song for the hero  
Who fell unnamed, unknown—  
The common soldier, lying  
Beneath no costly stone—  
Who fought where the foe was strongest  
And, after the day was done,  
Was merely among "the missing"  
Nine hundred and sixty-one.

Let me sing a song for the hero  
Who knelt at the rail to pray  
While the boats with the weeping women  
And children were rowed away—  
Who, being a man and gifted  
With the strength God gives to men,  
Was one of the "hundred saviors"  
Who will ne'er tread decks again.

Let me sing a song for the hero  
Who weary, wasted, wan—  
With disease and the world against him—  
Toiled hopefully, bravely on—  
Who, robbed of earth's choicest pleasures—  
Could smile as he wrought away,  
And lies with the unnamed millions  
Awaiting the Judgment Day.

Let me sing the song of the heroes  
Who died unknown, unnamed,  
And my song shall be of the bravest  
That Death and the grave e'er claimed!  
And my song shall live the longest  
Of all the songs e'er sung,  
And still be the song of heroes  
When the last sad knell is rung!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Herald.

## The Lost Continent

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE PREACHER FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

It was long enough since I had found leisure for a parcel of sleep, and so during the larger part of that day I am free to confess that I slumbered soundly, Nais watching me. Night fell, and still we remained within the privacy of the temple. It was our plan that I should stay there till the camp slept, and so I should have more chance of reaching the steacach without disturbance.

The night came down wet, with a drizzle of rain, and through the slits in the temple walls we could see the many fires in the camp well cared for, and men and women in skins and rags toasting before them, with steam rising as the heat fought with their wetness. Folk seated in discomfort like this are proverbially alert and cruel in the temper, and Nais frowned as she looked on the inclemency of the weather.

But as the hours drew on the night began to grow less quiet. From the distance someone began to blow on a horn or a shell, sending forth a harsh raucous note incessantly. The sound came nearer, as we could tell from its growing loudness, and the voices of those by the fires made themselves heard, railing at the blower for his disturbance. And presently it became stationary, and standing up we could see through the slits in the walls the people of the camp rousing up from their uneasy rest, and clustering together round one who stood and talked to them from the pedestal of a war engine.

What he was declaiming upon we could not hear, and our curiosity on the matter was not keen. Given that all who did not sleep went to weary themselves with this fellow, as Nais whispered, it would be simple for me to make an exit in the opposite direction.

But here we were reckoning without the inevitable busybody. A dozen pairs of feet splashing through the wet came up to the side of the little temple, and cried loudly that Nais should join the audience. She had eloquence of tongue, it appeared, and they feared lest this speaker who had taken his stand on the war engine should make schisms among their ranks unless some skilled person stood up also to refute his arguments.

Here, then, it seemed to me that I must be elbowing into my skirmish by the most unexpected of chances, but Nais was firmly minded that there should be no fight, if courage on her part could turn it. "Come out with me," she whispered, "and keep distant from the light of the fires."

"But how explain my being here?" "There is no reason to explain anything," she said, bitterly. "They will take you for my lover. There is nothing remarkable in that; it is the mode here. But, oh! why did not the gods make you wear a beard, and curl it, even as other men? Then you could have been gone and safe these two hours."

"A smooth chin pleases me better." "So it does me," I heard her murmur as she leaned her weight on the stone which hung in the doorway, and pushed it ajar; "your chin."

The ragged men outside—there were women with them also—did not wait to watch me very closely. A coarse jest or two flew (which I could have found good heart to have repaid with a sword thrust) and they stepped off into the darkness, just turning from time to time to make sure we followed. On all sides others were pressing in the same direction—black shadows against the light; the rain spat noisily on the camp fires as we passed them; and from behind us came up others. There were no sleepers in the camp now; all were pressing on to hear this preacher who stood on the pedestal of the war engine; and if we had tried to swerve from the straight course, we should have been marked at once.

So we held on through the darkness, and presently came within earshot. Still it was little enough of the preacher's words we could make out at first. "Who are your chiefs?" came the question at the end of a fervid harangue, and immediately all further rational talk was drowned in uproar. "We have no chiefs," the people shouted; "we are done with chiefs; we are

all equal here. Take away your silly magic. You may kill us with magic if you choose, but rule us you shall not. Nor shall other priests rule. Nor Phorenice. Nor anybody. We are done with rulers."

The press had brought us closer and closer to the man who stood on the war engine. We saw him to be old, with white hair that tumbled on his shoulders, and a long white beard, untrimmed and uncurled. Save for a wisp of rag about the loins, his body was unclothed, and glistened in the wet.

But in his hand he held that which marked his caste. With it he pointed his sentences, and at times he whirled it about, bathing his wet, naked body in a halo of light. It was a wand whose tip burned with an unconsuming fire, which glowed and twinkled and blazed like some star lent down by the gods from their own place in the high heaven. It was the symbol of our Lord the Sun, a credential no one could forge, and one on which no civilized man would cast a doubt.

Indeed, the ragged frantic crew did not question for one moment that he was a member of the Clan of Priests, the clan which from time out of numbering has given rulers for the land, and even in their loudest clamors they freely acknowledged his powers. "You may kill us with your magic, if you choose," they screamed at him. But stubbornly they refused to come back to their old allegiance. "We have suffered too many things these later years," they cried. "We are done with rulers now for always."

But for myself I saw the old man with a different emotion. Here was Zaemon that was father to Nais, Zaemon that had seen me yesterday seated on the divan at Phorenice's elbow, and who to-day could denounce me as Deucalion if so he chose. These rebels had expended a navy in their wish to kill me four days earlier, and if they knew of my nearness, even though Nais were my advocate, her cold reasoning would have little chance of an audience now. The high gods who keep the tether of our lives hide their secrets well, but I did not think it impious to be sure that mine was very near the cutting then.

The beautiful woman saw this too. She even went so far as to twine her fingers in mine and press them as a farewell, and I pressed hers in return, for I was sorry enough not to see her more. Still, I could not help letting my thoughts travel with a grim gloating over the fine mound of dead I should build before these ragged, unskilled rebels pulled me down. And it was inevitable this should be so. For of all the emotions that can ferment in the human heart, the joy of strife is keenest, and none but an old fighter, face to face with what must necessarily be his final battle, can tell how deep this lust is embroidered into the very foundations of his being.

But for the time Zaemon did not see me, being too much wrapped in his outcry, and so I was free to listen to the burning words which he spread



I BOWED BEFORE ZAEMON.

around him, and to determine their effect on the hearers.

When he had finished came the turning point of my life. At first, like I take it, everyone else in that crowd, I imagined that the old man, having finished his mission, was making a way to return to the place from which he had come. But he held steadily to one direction, and as that was towards myself, it naturally came to my mind that, having dealt with greater things, he would now settle with the less; or, in plainer words, that having put his policy before the swarming people, he would now smite down the man he had seen but yesterday seated as Phorenice's minister. Well, I should lose that final fight I had promised myself, and that mound of slain for my funeral bed. It was clear that Zaemon was the mouthpiece of the Priests' clan, duly appointed; and I also was a priest. If the word had been given on the Sacred Mountain to those who sat before the Ark of the Mysteries that Atlantis would prosper more with Deucalion sent to the gods, I was ready to bow to the sentence with submissiveness. That I had regret for this mode of cutting off, I will not deny. No man who had practiced the game of arms could abandon the promise of such a gorgeous final battle without a qualm of longing.

But I had been trained enough to show none of these emotions on my face, and when the old man came up to me, I stood my ground and gave him the salutation prescribed between our ranks, which he returned to me with circumstance and accuracy. The crowd fell back, being driven away by the ineffable force of the symbol, leaving us alone in the middle of a ring. Even Nais, though she was a priest's daughter, was ignorant of the mysteries, and I could not withstand its force. And so we two men stood there alone together, with the glow of the symbol bathing us and lighting up the sea of ravenous faces that watched.

The people were quick to put their natural explanation on the scene. "A spy!" they began to roar out. "A spy! Zaemon salutes him as a priest!"

Zaemon faced round on them with a queer look on his grim old face. "Aye," he said, "this is a priest. If I give you his name, you might have further interest. This is the Lord Deucalion."

The word was picked up and yelled among them with a thousand emotions. But at least they were loyal to their policy; they had decided that Deucalion was their enemy; they had already expended a navy for his destruction; and now that he was ringed in by their masses, they lust to tear him into rags with their fingers. But rave and rave though they might against me, the glare from the symbol drove them shuddering back as though it had been a lava stream; and Zaemon was not the man to hand me over to their fury until he had delivered formal sentence as the emissary of our clan on the sacred mount. So the end was not to be yet.

The old man faced me and spoke in the sacred tongue, which the common people do not know. "My brother," he said, "which have you come to serve—Deucalion or Atlantis?"

"Words are a poor thing to answer a question like that. You well know all of my record. According to the law of the priests, each ship from Yucatan will have carried home its sworn report to lay at the feet of their council, and before I went to that viceroyalty, what I did was written plain here on the face of Atlantis."

"We know your doings, in the past, brother, and they have found approval. You have governed well, and you have lived austerely. You set up Atlantis for a mistress, and served her well; but then, you have had no Phorenice to tempt you into change and fickleness."

"You can send me where I shall see her no more, if you think me frail."

"Yes, and lose your usefulness. No, brother, you are the last hope which this poor land has remaining. All other human means that have been tried against Phorenice have failed. You have returned from over seas for the final duel. You are the strongest man we have, and you are our final champion. If you fail, then only those terrible powers which are locked within the Ark of Mysteries remain to us, and though it is not lawful to speak even in this hidden tongue of their scope, you at least have full assurance of their potency."

I shrugged my shoulders. "It seems that you would save time and pains if you threw me to these wolves of rebels, and let them end me here and now."

The old man frowned on me angrily. "I am bidding you do your duty. What reason have you for wishing to evade it?"

"I have in my memory the words you spoke in the pyramid, when you came in among the banqueters. 'Phorenice,' was your cry, 'while you are yet impress, you shall see this royal pyramid, which you have polluted with your debaucheries, torn tier from tier, and stone from stone, and scattered as feathers before a wind.' It seems that you foresee my defeat."

The old man shuddered. "I cannot tell what she may force us to do. I spoke then only what it was revealed to me must happen. Perhaps when matters have reached that pass she will repent and submit. But in the meanwhile before we use the most desperate weapon of the gods, it is fitting that we should expend all human power remaining to us. And so you must go, my brother, and play your part to the utmost."

"It is an order. So I obey."

"You shall be at Phorenice's side again by the next dawn. She has sent for you from Yucatan as a husband, and as one who (so she thinks, poor human conqueror) has the weight of arm necessary to prolong her tyrannies. You are a priest, brother, and you are a man of convincing tongue. It will be your part to make her stubborn mind see the invincible power that can be loosed against her, to point out to her the utter hopelessness of prevailing against it."

"If it is ordered, I will do these things. But there is little enough chance of success. I have seen Phorenice, and can gauge her will. There will be no turning her once she has made a decision. Others have tried; you have tried yourself; all have failed."

"Words that were wasted on a maiden may go home to a wife. You have been brought here to be her husband. Well, take your place."

The order came to me with a pang. I had given little enough heed to women through all of a busy life, though when I landed, the taking of Phorenice to wife would not have been repugnant to me if policy had demanded it. But the matters of the last two days had put things in a different shape. I had seen two other women who had strangely attracted me, and one of these had stirred within me a tumult such as I had never before felt among my economies.

To lead Phorenice in marriage would mean a severance from this other woman eternally, and I ached as I thought of it. But though these thoughts floated through my system and gave me harsh wrenches of pain, I did not thrust my puny likings before the command of the council of priests. I bowed before Zaemon and put his hand to my forehead. "It is an order," I said. "If our Lord the Sun gives me life, I will obey."

"Then let us begone from this place," said Zaemon, and took me by the arm and waved a way for us with the symbol. No further word did I have with Nais, fearing to embroil her with these rebels that clustered round, but I caught one glance from her eyes, and that had to suffice for farewell. The dense ranks of the crowd opened, and we walked away between them

seemingly. Fiercely though they lust for my life, brimming with hate though they made their cries, no man dared to rush in and raise a hand against me. Neither did they follow. When we reached the outskirts of the

crowd, and the ranks thinned, they had a mind, many of them, to surge along in our wake; but Zaemon whirled the symbol back before their faces with a blaze of lurid light, and they fell to their knees groveling, and pressed on us no more.

The rain still fell, and in the light of the camp fires as we passed them the wet gleamed on the old man's wasted body. And far before us through the darkness loomed the vast bulk of the Sacred Mountain, with the ring of eternal fires encincturing its crest. I sighed as I thought of the old peaceful days I had spent in its temples and groves.

But there was to be no more of that studious leisure now. There was work to be done, work for Atlantis which did not brook delay. And so when we had progressed far out into the waste, and there was none near to view (save only the most high gods), we found the place where the passage was; whose entrance is known only to the seven among the priests; and there we parted, Zaemon to his hermitage in the dangerous lands, and I by this secret way back into the capital.

[To Be Continued.]

## WATCHING A PHILOSOPHER.

Wrong Impression of a Woman Neighbor Who Thought Sir Isaac Newton Crazy.

When Sir Isaac Newton went to live in Leicester place, his next-door neighbor was a lady, who was much puzzled by the little she observed of the philosopher. One of the fellows of the Royal Society of London called upon her one day, when, among other domestic news, she mentioned that some one had come to reside in the adjoining house, who, she felt certain, was a poor crazy gentleman, relates Golden Days.

"He diverts himself," she said, "in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of soapsuds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap bubbles through a common clay pipe and intently watches them till they burst. He is doubtless lost at his favorite amusement," she added. "Do come and look at him."

The gentleman smiled, and then went upstairs, when, after looking through the window into the adjoining yard, he turned and said:

"My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap bubble."

This anecdote serves as an excellent moral not to ridicule what we do not understand, but gently and cautiously to gather wisdom from every circumstance around us.

## Thrifty Beacons.

The horrors of the advertising mania are thus amusingly set forth by Mary Cholmondeley in the Monthly Review:

I hear that the white cliffs of Albion are no longer to be left out in the cold as "spaces to let." Possibly before these lines find their way into print that landmark of English eyes and hearts will be transformed into a belt of advertisements which, I understand, will at night be writ with fire.

In the next war which the arrogance of other nations forces upon us we can imagine, as the hospital ships near our shore, how the sorely wounded soldier will say to the comrade who supports him: "I'm goin' fast, Bill. Is 'Lemco' in sight yet?" "No, old chap, it ain't."

"Have we passed Labby's Lip Salve?" "Not yet."

While on the bridge the burly captain peeps into the night and says: "Dash my starry topsails if we aren't out of our course."

"No, sir," says the attendant boat-swain, "that's Keating's Cough Lozenges—a showing up on our lee now."

## A Handkerchief Yarn.

Lemmie Therieux once worked off a little practical joke at the expense of a play in which the Pella of misery was heaped upon the Ossa of despair. Together with 20 friends he secured a prominent seat in the gallery. When the pathetic moment arrived, Therieux pulled out a handkerchief and burst into tears. The effect was electrical. The man next to him also fell to weeping, and also took hold of the handkerchief. The epidemic of tears thereupon extended all along the line of the faithful 20, and as each man succumbed to his emotion he took hold of the end of the handkerchief until at last all the confederates were weeping in it. The handkerchief was 20 yards long, and had been specially prepared for the occasion. The low comedian struggled gamely with the exhibition of woe, but his witticisms were of no avail, for the funnier he became the more flowing were the sobs of the sorrowing 20.—Chambers' Journal.

## Mr. Israel's Mistake.

"No," said the teacher, "nobody ever helped the children of Israel in their fights. They had to do all the fighting themselves."

"Well," said the little girl, after a moment's thought: "I think that's a shame. Mr. Israel might have helped them, at least. His own children, too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Her Plan.

Mrs. Smith—But do you manage to get along with your cook?  
Mrs. Jones—Oh, I let her have her own way in everything. I act merely in an advisory capacity.—Brooklyn Life.

## The Way of a Woman.

Dolly—If you didn't tell her, how did you let her know that you hated her?  
Madge—When we met I kissed her three times.—Smart Set

## THE LOSS VERY HEAVY.

Miners at Honda, Mex., Struck Gas Pocket and Explosion Followed.

San Antonio, Tex., Feb. 3.—The latest information from the Honda, Mex., mine explosion shows it to have been fully as serious as at first reported. There was a total of 106 miners at work in the mine when the explosion occurred and all of them are dead. The majority of the victims are Mexicans and Chinamen, very few Americans having been at work in the mine. Every mule in the mine was killed, three dead ones being taken from the debris Sunday. The work of clearing away the wreck in order to get to the bodies is being rushed as rapidly as possible, but there is no hope that any of the 106 men will be rescued alive.

The explosion occurred in mine No. 6 and was occasioned by striking a gas pocket. The mine is the property of the Coahuila Coal Co., R. M. McKenny being superintendent.

The loss to the owners of the mine is very heavy. The Honda mines are located at Cohilla, at a terminus of a branch of the Mexican International road, about 100 miles south of Eagle Pass, and are the most important in that state. Details of the disaster are meager, no names of the victims being learned here.

## SNOW STORMS IN EUROPE.

Many Lives Were Lost and Shipping Badly Damaged.

London, Feb. 3.—The recent gales have been succeeded by heavy snow storms in Western Europe and the shipping along the coast of Spain has suffered considerably.

Forty lives are reported to have been lost in shipwrecks on the Italian coast. Several persons were killed by avalanches in Italy; rivers there have overflowed their banks, a score of bridges have been broken, and many towns are blocked by snow. A village near Verona has been wrecked by the storm and certain districts adjacent to Rome have been flooded. There is three feet of snow at Turin and Milan.

A German bark stranded on St. Martin rock, off the Sicily islands, Sunday evening and was broken up before the life savers reached her. The crew of the bark was drowned. Much North sea wreckage is washing ashore at Sheerness.

## "YOUNG GRIFFO."

The Pugilist Found Nearly Frozen to Death in Chicago.

Chicago, Feb. 3.—Albert Griffiths, the Australian prize fighter best known as "Young Griffo," was found Sunday nearly frozen to death in a vacant lot within half a block of the Bridewell. Both hands and feet were frozen and surgeons are of the opinion that an amputation of the hands will be necessary. Griffo for many years was a fistie marvel, was considered one of the most skilled and scientific pugilists who ever donned boxing gloves. Of late years Griffo has been leading a fast life and was penniless.

## HIS THIRD TERM.

J. Santos Zelaya Inaugurated President of Nicaragua.

Managua, Nicaragua, Feb. 3.—J. Santos Zelaya was Sunday inaugurated president of Nicaragua for his third term in the presence of the Nicaraguan congress and a large assemblage of citizens. Judge Matos, of the supreme court, administered the oath to the president, who, in his address, briefly reviewed his previous administration in Nicaragua and referred hopefully to the prospects for the construction of the Nicaraguan canal and to the benefits that Nicaragua would derive therefrom.

## INDEFINITELY POSTPONED.

There Will Be No Illinois Day at the Charleston Exposition.

Chicago, Feb. 3.—Illinois day at the Charleston exposition, set for March 4, has been indefinitely postponed. Gov. Yates has taken this action after being notified by Col. Fred A. Smith, president of the Illinois commission to the exposition, that there was doubt whether the exposition management would be ready to receive the Illinois representatives on the date named.

## Pan-American Congress Delegates.

Monterey, Mex., Feb. 3.—Gov. Leal has received word from Mexico City that the members of the Pan-American congress will arrive in Monterey Friday afternoon, February 7, and remain the guests of the city for at least four days.

Well-Known Newspaper Man Dead.  
Chicago, Feb. 3.—Cornelius M. Leek, one of the best-known newspaper men in Illinois, died Sunday of consumption. He was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1849. His first newspaper work was with the Bloomfield, Ind., Democrat as publisher.

Alice May Not See Coronation.  
Washington, Feb. 3.—The president says he was not ready to make an announcement of whether he would permit his daughter Alice to attend the coronation. In diplomatic circles it has been known for several days that the visit was contemplated.

## Snow Storm in Paris.

Paris, Feb. 3.—The heaviest snow storm of the winter commenced here early Sunday afternoon and continued until dark, covering the streets of the city to a depth of several inches, seriously impeding traffic.

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